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Ch.1 - Portals and purple

An: I'm NOT very good at explaining things and it was a little difficult to come up with how it all happened, but I tried my best so I hope it makes sense. Sorry about that heh 😅
.....

Falling.

They were falling, and though no one was really at fault, it had been mostly Mikeys fault, though maybe they were all just used to blaming him.

They had been out searching for the krang, since April had claimed she spotted some transporting materials for something they were working on, and it was like nothing they had seen before. When they did find said krang, however, they had no idea what they were getting themselves into.

The device was huge, and defiantly looked like some type of portal, but it wasn't turned on. They knew they had to disable it, who knows what those stupid bots were planning to do with it? They didn't even know what the thing was. So that's what they did. At least, what they tried to do.

While Donnie had worked on whatever Donnie works on, the others worked on fending off the krang, trying to keep them away from Donnie so he could work as easily as possible. They were quickly outnumbered, and it became harder and harder to keep them back. Donnie was becoming more and more stressed, making it harder to focus of disabling the thing, and the others were quickly becoming tired. There were way to many krang, and the more they took down the more would join the fight. They wouldn't be able to hold them off much longer.

And it seems they wouldn't need to.

"Booyakasha!" Mikey cheered, flinging his chain, taking down around five bots, sending them tumbling into each other.

Unfortunately for them, one had fallen directly into a large red button that just so happen to turn the whole device on.

How sweet. This would defiantly turn out fine.

"The one which is know as the turtles have helped the one which is know as the krang activate the device which is known as the dimensional transporter. The krang will now test the dimensional transporter on the turtles." (**Wow I can not type like the krang I am so sorry**)

"Oh, *that* don't sound good" Raph mumbled, stabbing another krang bot with his sai.

"Uh, guys?"

No one seemed to hear Mikey, as they continued fending off the krang bots while Donnie tried to turn the "dimensional transporter" off again, but there were too many bots blocking his way to the button.

"Bro, it's kinda important!" Mikey repeated, a little more urgent than last time.

"Not now Mikey! Focus on the krang, we gotta get this thing shut down!"

"I am! There closing in on us Leo, the portals getting a little too close bro!" Mikey stated, finally getting the attention of his bros, as they turned around to see the portal was in fact way too close for comfort, or for safety. It was glowing a light shade of blue, mixed with the krangs signature purple.

Taking advantage of the quick moment the brothers were distracted, the krang suddenly pushed Donnie mere inches away from the device, and that was all it needed to pull the purple masked turtle into its colourful void.

"DONNIE!" Mikey jumped towards Donnie, attempting to grab onto him and pull him back to safety, but he wasn't strong enough.

"Wait! Mikey DONT!" Shouted out a panicked Raph. The krang,

however, weren't finished, as they crept up behind the red turtle as well, shoving him the same way they had Donnie.

Leo couldn't just let himself watch, so he latched onto his brothers hand, pulling on him as hard as he could, but yet again, it was not enough, sending both Leo and Raph right into the portal.

And now, they were still falling.

"Oh my GOD WERE GONNA DIE! IM TO YOUNG TO DIE!" Mikey dramatically cried, reaching up towards his older brothers.

Leo frantically scanned his surroundings, searching for any way they could prevent there early death, as it wasn't exactly a very *short* fall.

Alas, nothing could be found, except tall building and street lights far below. It wasn't hard to tell that wherever they were, it was New York. Just not *their* New York.

But the ever bright, noisy streets of this strange New York weren't the only things that were below. Sitting amongst some of the taller buildings was yet another purple figure, followed by smaller one, hovering close by. Said figure was also holding something which looked to be a briefcase, but that was *far* from what it really was.

Luckily for them, though they couldn't see him due to the immense panic and the fact that they were still *falling*, the purple banded figure had seen them. It was a little difficult to miss four.. *things,* falling from the sky. Like beautiful angels, but not graceful. Or beautiful. And very green. Though he couldn't judge that, considering the *very* obvious.

"You got a *plan* for THIS one FEARLESS?"

"I-" Leo stuttered, not knowing how to answer the hotheads question, because right now, he didn't have a plan. He had no idea what to do, and if he didn't think fast, him, along with his three younger brothers, would be mutant road kill, splat on the side of the road in a different dimensions New York. And *that* didn't sound like a nice way to die young.

"LEO! IF YOU DIDNT NOTICE WE ARE NOT EXACTLY SLOWING DOWN HERE!" Shouted a frantic Donnie, still scared out of his mind. They were going to die, and he didn't even get to ask out April. He wouldn't even be in the same dimension as her when he died!

Suddenly, two flashes of purple raced by them, picking up a falling Leo on its way, leaving his brothers shocked, scared, and *very* confused.

Donnie had finally realized that he should *probably* save the falling things, and only when he got closer did he realize they were also mutant turtles, just like him and his brothers. They also had the same color masks, yet still looked very different from them. Quickly thinking up a plan, Donnie raced in on the device he had made to get the bugs, catching the highest turtle, the one in blue, Shelldon not far behind.

Leonardo was beyond confused, slowly opening his eyes, staring down at something purple, the thing he was currently draped over. Only when Leo turned his head did he see it.

Another turtle. Another mutant turtle, wearing many different purple items, who was piloting whatever piece of tech that had caught Leo from his inevitable death.

Before Leo could speak up, they were going down. Down towards his brothers, who were still helplessly falling.

Suddenly, four metal arms came from the purple turtles shell, reaching out towards Raphael, successfully grabbing onto one of his wrists. Surprisingly, his arm didn't dislocate or slip through the metal grip. Two down, two to go.

Donnie and Mikey were still falling (I am so sorry I promise the falling will end soon), and they weren't slowing down.

The device had slowed, and only now did Leo notice the purple drone catch up to them, taking place above him.

"Shelldon! Go get the orange one, and *fast*!" The turtle spoke,

confusing both brothers as to who *Shelldon* was. Lucky for them, that question was answered almost immediately, as another voice spoke up.

"You got it bro! Booyakasha!" And with that, the purple drone, now known as Shelldon, sped past them, down towards their youngest brother.

Leo and Raph exchanged a look, clearly showing how bewildered they both were. Not only had they got pushed into a strange krang portal and had been quickly headed towards being pancakes on the side of the road in a completely different dimension, but now there was another turtle, who had just spoken to a drone, to which the drone *understood* and *replied*. That's not even to mention what it had *said*.

Raph had flung his feet up to rest on the side of the device, careful not to sway it. He kinda had to, as the new turtle had sped up his *thingy* once again, now headed towards their next brother, a determined look set on his face, similar to the one Donnie gets when he's really focused on something.

Repeating what he had done to catch Raph, the metal "things" reaching out towards Donnie, this time catching his ankle, leaving him dangling upside down in a very uncomfortable way, having to hold up his other leg while trying not to fall once again, as well as pray that the metal wouldn't let him go.

Don (rise Donnie) seemed to notice this, reaching out another arm of his battle shell to take hold of the other turtles wrist instead, allowing him to switch positions before letting go the grip on his ankle.

Don had stopped moving, now looking down for Shelldon, hoping he was able to catch the last one. Thankfully, there he was, slowly flying back up to him while trying to stay as flat as he could, due to the fact that he had caught the other mutant on his back.

Once Shelldon had gotten up to his height once again, they silently moved down towards the nearest building, the one which they had first found Mayhem.

The other turtles were as well silent, though you could tell they were relived everyone had been safely caught.

Once only slightly about the building, Don lowered his web shooter towards its surface, letting go of the two caught by his battle shell as they safely landed, looking back up as Don let the blue one step down before he himself got off, pressing a button to fold the device back into its compact, briefcase like form. Shelldon had also put down the last turtle, hovering over to Dons side.

This was going to be one strange conversation.

Ch.2 - Meetings and Missed calls

"Alright, who *are* you and *why* where you falling from the SKY?" Don slightly glared at the four mutant turtles opposite him, who he had just saved. He had never seen any mutant turtles other than him and his brothers. Surely if they had been here before he would have spotted them, right?

"Blame Mikey for that one" Raph muttered, earning a slap on the arm from Leo.

"Wait, wait.. Mikey?" Don stuttered, staring at the orange banded turtle, the smallest of the bunch, who he could only assume was Mikey. It's probably just a coincidence, right?

The four turtles looked very confused, the smallest, most likely Mikey, looking a little uncomfortable. The blue one cleared cleared his throat before responding

"Uh, yeah? That's Mikey.. why?" He slightly pointed to the orange banded brother, confirming Dons guess.

Don stepped back, narrowing his eyebrows, thinking that over. It *had* to just be a coincidence, there's no way, he was just overthinking. The classic Donnie overthink. Then again, maybe he should get the others names.

After looking them all over, making the brothers squirm a little under his gaze, he pointed to the purple one. "You. What's your name then?"

"I- uh.." He shifted uncomfortably, not sure where this was going. "Donatello. Donnie, for short." He stated, glancing over at the turtle who had saved them, who now had a look of pure bewilderment set on his face.

"Woah, woah, uh.. okay. That's.. unexpected. Still just a coincidence, it's gotta be. God, I am not dealing with this." The turtle muttered. The brothers couldn't be more confused, I mean, it was just Donnies name, what was so "unexpected" about that? And *what* exactly was a coincidence?

"What's that supposed to mean?"

Don turned to look at the red one, trying to decide what to do next. This *had* to be some kind of joke. There's no way four other mutant turtles with *their* names just fell from the sky. What the shell was going on? Not even Don, the genius brother, was able to figure it out.

"Your not Raph.. are you? Or.. Leo?" Don questioned again, gesturing to said turtle as he spoke.

"Wha- how did you-" Leo stuttered, cutting himself off, trying to figure out how this strange turtle from another dimension knew their names.

"Alright, what's going on here? How do you know our names?" Donnie exclaimed, stepping closer to the other mutant, who's only response to the gesture was an eyebrow raise. He glanced at Shelldon before finally responding.

"I didn't. Well, I did, but that not just *your* names." The brothers looked over at each other, confusion clear on every one of their faces.

"Again, *what* is that supposed to mean?" Raph was the one who answered, looking over the purple turtle. He didn't look much like them at all, and he had many pieces of tech on him, though one of them looked more like 3D movie glasses. His shell was also purple, which was *very* unnatural, though they also sprouted metal arms, so he didn't exactly know what to think of it.

"Leonardo, Raphael" He paused, he paused, glancing at the younger two, narrowing his eyebrows. "Donatello, and Michelangelo, right? That's not just your names, *that's* my brothers. I'm Donatello." He stated, glaring at the four mutants, trying to find any way that this

was *not* what he thought this was. However, what else could explain then falling from the sky out of nowhere?

"I'm sorry, what!?" Raph growled, glaring at the other mutant, who now claimed to be a second Donnie.

"Your brothers? There's more?" Mikey exclaimed, clearly not getting what's going on here.

"Uh.. yeah, three, but why do you have our names, and where did you come from? This isn't some kind of stupid joke is it?" Don sneered, stepping a little closer to the four, not meaning to look as intimidating as he did, as the two youngest backed up slightly.

"That's kinda a long story, but the kra- er- some guys had what they called a.. dimensional transporter? That's what brought us here. By accident, of course." Leo explained, not too sure if that's what the device had been called. The krang weren't exactly easy to understand.

The purple masked turtle paused, rubbing his chin, thinking over what Leo had said.

"Dimensional transporter.. your from a completely different dimension aren't you? Do you know where you are?" Don questioned, relaxing slightly as he crossed his arms, waiting for the answer.

"Most likely, and yes, this is New York, isn't it? Same as where we live?" Donnie said, gazing at *other* Donnie. God, this was weird.

"New York, but not *your* New York." He stated, turning to look out at the busy streets before glancing back at the brothers. "If your from another dimension, it's possible your *us,* aren't you?"

"Us? You mean you and your brothers?" Don hummed in response, turning back to the group. "I- I think so. Maybe not, but how likely is it that we just so happen to both be mutant turtles named Donatello with the same colour? I never thought it was possible, but it sort of makes sense now. That portal could have sent us to another dimension that has *us* in it." Donnie explained, looking over

his brothers once again. "At least, a different version of us, if that makes sense."

"Woah woah, so what your saying is we're in a different dimension with no way out and with another set of *us?"* Raph questioned, glaring at Donnie.

"Uh, not exactly, but close?"

Raph glared at his brother before turning back to the other turtle. "So if your us-"

"Or your us" Don deadpanned, glancing at the turtle, earning a low growl in respond.

"Whatever, then where are your brothers? And what's *that?"* He questioned, gesturing to the strange, hovering thing that was still next to Don.

Don grumbled, an annoyed look set on his face. "They got loud, and I left. I needed to collect something anyway. There back in the sewers, the lair, if you will." Raphs brothers all looked at him after hearing what Don had said, clearly connecting it with something Raph would do, though it confused them why it would be Donnie. "As for him, that's Shelldon." He stated, looking over at the drone, who now hovered forward, smiling at the brothers.

"Hey bros! This is so cool, more turtles!" The drone replied excitedly, flying around the turtles, looking them over.

Don pinched the bridge of his nose, watching Shelldon examine the new guys, who looked a little on edge, not too comfortable with a talking drone inspecting them.

"Alright Shelldon, your freaking them out, they've probably never seen a talking drone before." Don replied sarcastically, once again giving the brothers more of a Raph vibe.

"Sorry dudes, hah." Shelldon said, still smiling, but in a more apologetic way. He flew back over to Dons left side, looking down before he suddenly stopped, staring at his wrist.

"So what are we gonna do guys? We don't even know anything about this place! What if we die!" Mikey exclaimed, dramatically grabbing Raphs arm, only for him to move it away.

"I'm not sure Mikey, but we'll figure it out. Do you know any way for us to get back?" Leo asked Don, who looked down, trying to think of what to do.

"Uh, Don?" Shelldon mumbled nervously. What he had seen was *not* good, and somehow Don hadn't even noticed.

"Not sure. But, you may have to stay with us for the time being, until we can get you back to whatever dimension you came from. If any bad guys see you out on the streets they won't hesitate attacking you. They don't exactly *like* us all that much." Don stated, rubbing his neck.

"Bro? Bro, it's urgent!" Shelldon said, hovering a little closer to Don, trying to get his attention. Everyone but Leo had taken notice to Shelldons strange behaviour, seeing that he seemed really nervous about something.

"You'd do that? We don't really have anywhere to go, and we could use your help getting us back. Your Donnie right? Probably the smart one?" Leo and Don continued their conversation, trying to figure out what to do, while the others shared confused glances, looking back at the drone who heavily sighed.

Shelldon had enough, and he *really* needed to warn Don about what was going on. For his own good. So, he figured a sure fire way to get his attention was to slam into Dons arm, who let out a classic Donnie scream, before glaring at Shelldon while rubbing his arm.

"What was THAT for!? Shelldon!" Don growled, glaring at his drone.

"Dude! Raphs calling you!"

Don paused. He took in a deep breath, blinking slowly.

"I'm sorry.. what?" Don stated, confusing the other turtles. Was that such a bad thing? I mean, despite the fact he had found a different dimension them, but it didn't seem to be that.

"Raph is calling you." If that didn't panic Don enough, this next thing sure did. "For the 7th time." Shelldon deadpanned, glaring at Don, who now stood with his mouth agape, terrified for his life.

"Shelldon.. what time is it?"

"It's.. 9:45, bro." Shelldon smirked, before adding, "I'll plan the funeral!"

"SHELLDON!" Don frantically shouted, fiddling with his wrist tech, seeing that there was indeed 7 missed calls from Raph. Understandable, considering Don said he'd be back *over an hour ago.* And Raph was typically one to worry, especially since he had barely agreed to that time in the first place. Once he found out Donnie was fine, he was so in for it.

The others stared blankly at the two, not knowing how to respond to that. They all glanced at Raph again, who glared right back at them.

Dons screen lit up with Raphs name for the 8th time tonight. How he had missed it, he didn't know, but how was he going to get out of an hour long lecture while also informing his older brother that he had different dimension them with him?

Yeah, he was so dead.

Ch.3 - Talks and tanks

9:35.

It was 9:35pm, and Donatello still had not returned, and he'd been out for over two hours now. He had said he was going to catch a few oozequitoes, but how long could that possibly take? Not to mention how Donnie had told his brothers he'd be back in about an hour, which clearly had not happened.

Raph would be lying if he said he wasn't panicking. He had always been at least a little overprotective of his brothers, especially the youngest, but he couldn't help it. Donnie should have been back by now, and the only explanation Raph could think of was that something bad had happened to him.

At this point, he already called his brother 5 times. Was it a little excessive? Possibly, but Donnie still hadn't picked up, so he feels it was justified. But the more he called, the more he seemed to worry, coming up with even *worse* reasons his brother hasn't returned.

If something bad happened to Donnie, what was he going to do? Who knows how long ago it would have happened anyway, he could be too late! Should he go out and look for him? Keep calling? God, why was this so stressful, why couldn't Donnie just pick up the phone and be okay!

Raph turned on the phone, checking the time once again to see that it was now 9:40. He'd call again, and if Donnie didn't pick up after a few more tries, he was going to look for him. He couldn't let something terrible happen to his little brother because he decided to wait it out.

He looked for the contact again, pressing on the little call button and waited. He could hear his two other brothers skateboarding in the background, with the occasional shout of victory or loud groan when the other out did them.

Alas, the dreaded sound of a call not being picked up for the 6th time tonight filled his ears, causing the snapping turtle to sink a little lower in his seat, the image of Donnies contact photo lighting up the little screen.

Raph had no idea what to do at this point, as he laid his head in his hands, trying to decide what his next move should be, though that was difficult considering his lack of skill in making plans mixed with how worried he was.

After some thinking, Raph finally decided that if his purple clad brother did not answer the next two calls, he was going to look for him, no matter what. He couldn't just sit here any longer, he had to know if he was okay.

8th times the charm, right?

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8th time was indeed the charm, as Don stood stiff, really wishing he had checked what time it was, for the consequences that followed this were sure not to be very nice. However, Raph had always struggled telling Donnie off, which eased up a little of the soft shells worry.

Then again, there was literally them from another dimension standing not far from him. That was going to be fun to explain.

He stared at the screen for a moment, before finally realizing he should probably pick up.

Pressing the green answer button, he connected to the call, seemingly startling his older brother, as he heard a muffled gasp and quick shuffling from the other end.

"Donnie? Where are you, what are you *doing?!*Your okay, right?" Raph said rather quickly, going from angry to concerned, praying Donnie wasn't hurt.

"Yeah, yeah, I'm fine Raph. Listen I know it's like way past when I said I'd be back but I promise I have a good reason just let me-" Don had tried to explain before Raph so rudely cut him off.

"I don't *care* if you have a "good reason" Donnie, do you know how worried I was? You weren't supposed to be gone that long!" Raph quickly became angry, sending shivers down Dons shell. Raph rarely gets angry with him, and it was clear he was stressed.

"I.. I know, Raph, but if you'd just-"

"Donnie. Your going to be home in 15 minutes, or I'm going out there to look for you, got it?" Raph stated, leaving no room for negotiation.

"15 minutes! Raph come on I can't get back that fast, and you *really* should see this before I come back!" Don glanced back to the other turtles, who now looked completely shocked.

"Donnie please, just be back soon." Raph said quietly. Then, he hung up, leaving Don standing there, feeling guilty and shocked. He hadn't even told his brother about the.. *situation* he had gotten them into, and he had 15 minutes to get the new turtles to their lair.

Just peachy.

Don let out a loud groan, turning to the four mutants, who stood still, unsure of what just happened, Shelldon hovering not far from them.

Raph had called *Donnie* 8 times, because he was worried about him, and whatever they had overheard from the new turtles phone sounded *nothing* like their Raph. That conversation had confused every one of them. This new dimension was.. different, that's for sure.

Leo stepped forward, causing Don to look over at him before he spoke.

"Well, uh.. where exactly is your lair?"

Don thought for a moment, as he realized that he may or may not have lost the tank, and they were also too far from home to walk it.

"Too far to walk, that's for sure. I.. also forgot where the turtle tank is so.. slight problem?" Don said with a nervous smile, rubbing the

back of his neck.

"Wait, wait.. the WHAT?" Raph exclaimed, wide eyes staring at Don.

"The turtle tank? What about it?" Done raised an eyebrow. If they were like them, wouldn't they have a vehicle too?

"It's not.. an actually tank, right? Just a cool name?" Donnie questioned, a little nervous. *That* sound cool, and that was the problem. A turtle *tank?* How could he beat that!

"Hmm.. not exactly. But, I did finally get a tracker in it, yes!" Don said excitedly, pulling out his tech bo as it turned itself into the same tracker that he had used for the tanks shopping cart protocol.

The four brothers stared wide eyed, completely shocked at whatever device Don and just taken out. It looked like a fancy bo-staff, but now it was a *tracker* as well!?

"Woah.." Donnie mumbled, eyes sparking, staring at Dons tech. Don noticed, as he chuckled lightly before looking back down at the tracker, glancing the direction it showed the tank to be in.

"This way." He stated, looking back at the others, his drone companion flying up next to him. The brothers glanced at each other before following close behind as they went to find whatever vehicle Don was taking about.

It was about a five minute walk, as they jumped rooftop to rooftop, making there way down to the ground below. Donnie had made his way up to Don, still amazed at his tech. Don proudly explained it, happy someone had actually taken interest in one of his inventions, as he told him what the tracker could do, yet avoided his weapons other abilities as he didn't want to get into that. At least, not yet.

Once they got close, according to the tracker, Don finally stopped, checking it once more before it folded away as he placed it back onto his shell.

"Ah, there she is. The turtle tank!" Don exclaimed, walking up to the giant vehicle.

"W- wha- THATS *your* turtle tank?!" Raph said, mouth agape as he stared. "There no way you built that!"

"THATS THE COOLEST THING I'VE EVER SEEN! Let's go!" Mikey shouted, skipping up to Dons side, who only chuckled and lead them to the entrance, unlocking it as the door slowly opened.

The inside was even better than the outside, if that was even possible. Filled with so many different features that you couldn't even see.

"How.. how did you *make* this!?" Donnie asked, looking at Don who had now closed the door, starting up the tank as he glanced over his shoulder, seeing the others looking around in awe, Shelldon resting on the floor as he silently watched them.

"I'd recommend sitting down, it might get bumpy." Don said as he backed the tank up out of the space it was "hidden" in. It wasn't like people came around here often, and they had probably seen it before anyway with the whole "mutant menace" fiasco.

The four turtles each took a seat, still admiring the inside of the tank as Don began moving down the road.

"So.. how exactly did you make this?" Leo questioned.

"It took a while, that's for sure. It's a little confusing, but it wasn't always a giant tank. The again, that's.. also confusing." Don said, recalling how he and Mikey had pretty much stolen the moon buggy, which he later turned into their turtle tank. To be fair, they made a deal with the mantis man, so not really their fault.

As they drove, it was a little silent except for the occasional, "what does that thing do?" or "is that a bowling ball launcher!?". That is, however, until Donnie got a call from his youngest brother, Michelangelo.

"Uh oh." Donnie whispered, causing the others to look at the screen, which showed a picture of a very different looking orange banded turtle, along with the name, "Michael".

"Wait, is that-" Leo started.

"Youngest brother. Mikey. Yes, and I can't just ignore it! God, you have the worst timings Michael!" Don complained, staring at the screen, not wanting to answer. However he knew if he didn't, Mikey would freak out, as he didn't seem to understand the concept of *not* picking up a call.

The others stared at each other, not knowing what to do. Should they hide? No, his brothers were going to see them anyway, it didn't really matter when.

Don sighed, looking back at the four mutants, to which Leo gave him a reassuring look. Don looked back, before finally picking up. On the screen was his youngest brother, who sat on the floor of the living room, looking a little angry.

"Donnieee~ hurry up! Leo's getting cocky cause he keeps betting me at- WOAH!" Michael cut himself off, finally noticing the four other mutants sitting in the tank.

"Uh, Dee-"

"There's four mutant turtles who look kinda like us sitting in my tank, yes, I know. Thank you, Michael." Don finished, folding his hands together while looking up at the tanks screen in front of him.

Mikey paused, staring at the screen while sitting with his legs crossed. He looked.. confused, to say the least.

"Dee, *what* did you do this time?"

"What? Why's it always gotta be me! I just found them falling from the sky and turns out there different dimension us." Don stated, glaring at the screen as he grumbled, leaning forward.

Mikey hummed a little, still looking over the four mutants. He was right, they did seem to be like them, but they looked really different. Though one thing confused him...

"Why's Raph so small?" Mikey questioned, looking back over at the red one, who now looked *very* angry.

"What'd you say you little twerp?!" He growled, trying to stand up

before Leo grabbed his arm, glaring at him, silently telling him to sit back down. Raph grumbled as he sat, looking up at the screen to a now more confused Michael.

Don sighed as he narrowed his eyes, looking from Raph back to the screen.

"Look, Mikey, I'll be back soon. You think you can calm Raph down a little so he doesn't freak out as much?" Don suggested, looking hopefully up at his brother on the screen.

Mikey smirked. "Sure, I can do that.. but only if you put Leo back in his place when you get here. He thinks he's the best cause he kept winning!" Mikey stated, pouting a little to convince Don to help him.

Raph just stared wide eyed at Leo as he looked back, clearly as confused. What was *up* with this dimension? That was.. unexpected, to say the least.

Don chuckled, agreeing as Michael cheered. He hung up, and Don moved back over to take the tank off autopilot.

After a short while, Don finally stopped the tank. They had reached the lair, and boy did Don have some explaining to do.

Ch.4 - The Other Brothers

They were finally here. He had made it to the lair, and he hadn't taken over 15 minutes, meaning his older brother hadn't needed to go out to look for him.

When he entered, however, the lair was uncharacteristically quiet. No one in sight, other than their doppelgängers, who stood off to the side, mouths agape.

"*This* is where you live?! It's huge, how did you-" Donnie started, cutting himself off as he observed the water flowing next to him as he took in the design of the place. It was unlike anything he'd seen before, and it made their lair look.. small.

"This is sooo cool!" Mikey exclaimed as he too looked around. They had a *skate ramp.* Inside!Mikey wanted to live here forever, this was the coolest thing he'd ever seen, and he only just got here!

Don stayed silent, however, as he walked to the middle of the room, gesturing for the others to stay where they were. Shouldn't there at least be *some* noise? Where was everyone?

As Don looked towards some of the rooms, the others also stopped talking, watching Don curiously as they wondered what he was doing.

Suddenly, a small figure silently jumped down from a level above, not catching Dons attention. Leo noted that he looked like the one they had seen while in the tank, the Mikey of the group.

He looked really different. For one, he was a little shorter then his counterpart, and he also looked a little younger as well. He had different markings on him, and seemed to be a completely different type of turtle, though they weren't sure what Don was. Maybe these brothers weren't all the same like they were?

Michael now noticed the four turtles standing to the side, watching

him and his brother who still hadn't noticed his presence. Michael (rise Mikey) smirked a little, deciding that he was going to get the soft shells attention with the amazing skills of Dr. Delicate Touch.

Sneaking a little closer, he stood with his hands behind his back, an innocent smile on his face as he glanced back at the new turtles, then back to his brother. Donnie had some explaining to do, and he was going to get him to do just that.

Mikey took a deep breath, before he broke the painful silence, shouting:

"DONNIE!" Michael smiled innocently as his brother whipped around, yelping before realizing it was only Mikey.

"Mikey what was that! You scared me outta my shell!" Donnie frowned, slumping his shoulders as his brother strutted up next to him, still looking innocent.

"You were distracted! I got your attention, didn't I? Dr. Delicate Touch for the win!" Mikey cheered before turning back to the brothers, who still looked a little scared from his scream.

"Right. That." Donnie sighed, smiling slightly as he too turned to the others.

"Mikey, these are the guys I found, our doppelgängers, if you will. They're from another dimension, and they're gonna have to stay with us for a while until we can fix this." He stated, not too worried about the box turtles input on the matter, as he knew he'd be fine with it.

"Hey, cool! You look like me!" Mikey stated.

"That's what doppelgänger means shell-brain" Donnie informed, smacking the top of Mikeys head, earning a little "hey!" in response.

Now with the two other turtles next to each other, they realized how different the two really looked, not just in height or a few other differences like them.

"Wait, your not the same type of turtle, are you? You look pretty

different.." Donnie questioned, eyeing the two.

"Yep! We're all different! I'm a box turtle, and Don here's a-" Michael started before Don cut him off, embarrassed about what he would have said.

"Alright, Mikey, not important." He grumbled, earning confused looks from the others. Did it have something to do with his strangely purple shell? What was underneath?

"Oh! I got Raph to calm down a little, but I dont know where he is.." Michael walked a little more towards the others, noticing how small he was compared to them. No fair. He was about to say something to them before a loud thud sounded behind him as he spun around.

There, back facing them, was none other than Raphael, arms crossed as he looked down at a nervous Don.

"Uh oh" Leo heard Michael mumble, but he couldn't get his eyes off the mutant in front of him. Who was *that?!* He looked more like Slash than any of them, he was huge! Not to mention his shell, which was the only thing they could really see. It was covered in spikes, and didn't look all that safe. Only once he spotted the tails of a red bandana however did it finally click who this new turtle was.

"Donnie.. *why* were you out so long! You said you'd be back!" The mutant spoke up, confirming the others guess. *This* was their dimensions Raphael.

"I- I know Raph, but if you'd turn around-" he started, before Raph stepped closer to him as Don cut himself off.

Raph looked like he wanted to say something, but he couldn't. He always had trouble punishing Donnie, and he just couldn't do it. He sighed, before looking his brother in the eyes, frowning a little.

"I'm.. glad your ok." He said simply. Donnie just stared, feeling guilty. He knew he had made his brother worry, and he knew how much he really cared for Donnie. Though Don would never show it, he deeply cared about all his brothers, and he didn't intend to worry Raph like he had.

Then, he remembered. Looking back at the others, he realized that Raph didn't know they were *right* behind him.

"Raph.. turn around."

With that, Raph gave him a confused look before finally spinning around, only to be met with his youngest brother standing next to four new mutant turtles, each bearing a different colour mask.

They all just stared at each other, and the other mutants seemed to be a little intimidated by his size, and he could tell. They stared for what seemed like minutes, but it was really only a few seconds before Raph spoke up.

"Donnie.. you said you were going to get bugs, and that don't look like bugs." He stated, looking down at Don who rubbed the back of his neck.

"I.. was. But, I got turtles instead, so.. yay?" He hesitated, not yet sure of what Raph thought about this.

"Right.. so how about you explain this Don, who are these mutants and why are they in our lair?" He stepped a little closer to the others, not meaning to intimidate them, but it didn't seem much like his choice.

Raph could only stare. *This* was their dimensions Raph?! He felt so.. puny! He was *tiny* compared to this guy! Leo looked over at him as he noticed the same thing. That explains why other Mikey had been confused as to why Raph was so "small".

"Well.. uh.." Don stuttered, not knowing where to start. It was easy to explain things to his youngest brother, as he didn't care too much for an in depth explanation. Raph, however, would want to know exactly what happened before he could trust these guys.

"We're essentially you, but from a different dimension. Back home, there was a portal that pulled us through, and your brother saved us from the fall. We don't know how to get back, and we need your help to get us there." Leo took over, stepping closer to the much larger mutant, who glanced from Don to Leo.

Raphael smiled a little, looking down at the blue clad mutant, seemingly satisfied with that explanation. He still wasn't totally sure that this isn't a prank, or maybe a set up, considering how unbelievable that sounded, but from the looks of it these guys didn't mean any trouble and Don didn't seem to argue.

"They're gonna stay here, right? They don't really have anywhere else to go." Michael questioned, turning to his brothers. Don glanced at Raph, who nodded slightly, still looking down at the four turtles.

"Yes, Mikey, they'll be staying here. I'm not too sure where, we'll have to figure that out."

"Cool! Finally we get to meet more mutants who *aren't* out to kill us!" Mikey said, placing his hands together in a dramatic, dreamy way.

"Mikey, we know plenty of those!" Don corrected, raising an eyebrow at his brother.

"Well.. yeah, but-" Mikey started, before a familiar voice cut him off as a figure flipped down, landing next to the group of mutants.

"*What* is going on down here?! I- *woah."*

A blue masked turtle. This one about the same height as Don, with red lines crossing though his eyes. The turtle smirked, walking closer to his brothers as he shot a questioning glare at Don, who sighed heavily.

"I'm not explaining this again." He grumbled, throwing his hands up in defeat while Leon stood next to him.

The turtle brothers could only assume this was their Leo, the one missing from the whole encounter, and boy did he seem different.

Raphael quickly explained what was going on, and Leon didn't take his eyes off the new mutants the whole time, not too sure that to think of it.

When Raph was done, Leon only smirked, before he shared what he

thought of this.

"They look like a cheap version of us."

"Oh *what* did you just say!?" Raph growled, glaring at the blue clad brother, who smirked as the others just looked shocked.

"Leo really, are you incapable of *not* making every new mutant you meet hate you?" Don asked, glaring at said turtle.

Leo was shocked. *That* was this dimensions him? He was nothing like him! Donnie looked over at him, as they shared the same look, clearly both thinking the same thing.

"Oh whatever Donnie, people love me! I'm the face man!" Leon confidently smirked, and Don just scoffed. The two glared at each other before Raphael stepped between them.

"Okay.. forgetting that, we should probably show you guys around, figure out where you can stay." The snapping turtle explained, nervously smiling at the other brothers. Leo looked up at him, smiling a little before he glanced back to his other brothers, who each nodded slightly. Who knows how long they'd have to stay here? They mine as well get to know the place.

Michael smiled over at Mikey, who shared the same look. They'd get along, it was already obvious. Raphael looked down to his brothers, who each looked annoyed with the other. He sighed, gesturing for the new comers to follow him, as they began showing them around their lair.

Ch.5 - Meet & Greet

It had been about half an hour, and everyone was now gathered in the doorway of the living room, the last room of the lair tour.

Everything had gone pretty smooth so far. The most difficult thing had been pulling both Donnie's out from the lab and away from their endless nerd talk, as well as explaining a few things along the way.

If only it could stay so easy. The last room, the living room, and it was left for a reason. About halfway through, Raphael had realized that they forgot about one of the most important things, and that was informing their father of the other turtles presence.

So here they were, the rise brothers standing slightly in front of the others casting nervous glances towards each other, as if daring one another to step up and speak first. A few more glances later and everyone's eyes landed on to largest of the group, the so called leader.

Leon smirked, tossing an arm around Raphs shell, nudging him forward.

"What? Why me!?" The eldest frantically whispered, begging for one of his brothers to back him up. Don and Michael shrugged and Don stepped up, he too placing a hand on his brothers spiky shell.

"C'mon, you totally got this! Just.. y'know.. don't get us grounded and we'll be fine!"

"Donnie!" Raph sneered, sighing heavily as he walked nervously up to the small arm chair in the centre of the room.

"This *defiantly* won't backfire."

"C'mon Leo, he's got this! We'll be fine!"

"What exactly is going on?" Donnie questioned, speaking for the rest

of his brothers. He didn't get an answer as Raphael finally spoke up.

"Uh, h-hey! Pops, uh.." he stuttered, struggling to find the right words. It's hard enough understanding this themselves, but he was quickly learning explaining it was a whole lot worse.

"We have.. a surprise?"

Leon sighed heavily, pinching the bridge of his nose. Did he really just call this a *surprise*?! How fun, everyone *loves* surprises.

"You sound suspicious Red, what did you do?" Came a voice from the arm chair, and up popped the head of a tiny rat mutant.

"Woah! Is that.. Splinter?" Raph questioned, looking to the others for an answer. Don cast him a questioning glance before nodding, turning back to the scene in front of him.

"Uh, y-yes? I mean, no! We.. didn't do anything! Er- *we* didn't.."

Splinter raised an eyebrow, taking note of the way Raphael was avoiding eye contact, and seemed to be shifting in front of him whenever he moved.

"I told you so." Leon smirked, glancing at his younger brother who only huffed, staring ahead at Raphael.

"What are you boys up to?!" Splinter questioned, maneuvering around a now more nervous Raph. There he stood, staring at not only his four sons, but four other mutant turtles standing with them in the doorway.

"Y-yeah, about that.." Raphael nervously chuckled, stepping aside. The others stood still, still shocked by the appearance of new dimensions Splinter. He was so short compared to their Sensei, and the two rats attitude was completely different.

"Boys! Explain!" Splinter demanded, looking towards his eldest son who still stood stiff, unsure of what to say.

"They aren't from this dimension. They're us, in a way. Some mix up brought them here and we gotta get them back." Don explained,

clearly more educated on this as he was the one who found them.

"We mean no harm, we just need to figure out how to get back, then we'll be out of your hair, er- fur.. wait-" Donnie spoke up next. Leo signed, taking over for his brother who was now flustered, unsure of what to say.

"What he means is we just need to stay here for a bit, and with your sons help we can figure out how to get back. We don't mean any trouble."

Splinter raised an eyebrow, quickly observing everyone. They all seemed a little tense, but he could tell they meant well.

"Very well." He replied, startling his sons.

"Woah, what? Your fine with this? No questions?? Nothing?!" Questioned Leon.

"I can tell they mean well, and they're is not really any other option. Just be safe." Splinter smirked, knowing how confused everyone was.

"Okay.. okay, good! We got it!" Raphael cheered, relaxing a little along with everyone else. Splinter walked towards the door as his three other sons went into the room. About to walk out, he stopped when he heard a soft voice from behind him.

"Hey.." Leo whispered as his brothers followed the others. Splinter turned, looking up at the second blue.

"Thank you. For.. you know-" he stuttered, smiling nervously. He could tell the rat got what he meant, as he quickly responded.

"Just be better than those four, they're a nightmare." He laughed along with Leo, who was a little more relaxed than before. Splinter turned, smiling warmly as he left, leaving the eight turtle teens to the living room.

Each sat down, making space for everyone on the floor and chairs. They had a lot of things to figure out, and if they were going to do that they mine as well be comfortable.